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THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR CYNDDYLAN*.

1.

Oh, mourn for Cynddylan, ye Cambrians mourn,
His sleep is the slumber that wakes not with morn;
The cold hand of death on his eyelids hath press'd,
And his form's on his barrow reclining in rest.

2.

But his soul, on the winds of the land that he sway'd,
Above the dark hills rides in terror array'd;
His voice was the thunder that lately hath roar'd,
And yon blue flash of light was the gleam of his sword.

3.

He comes to his people, his praises to hear,
Let the strings of the *telyn* † be wet with a tear,
That the notes of our woe, as they rise on the wind,
May be soft as the "plaint of the dove for its kind."

4.

Oh! mourn for your hero, oh, mourn for your king:
His glance was the glance of the hawk on its wing;
His speed was the speed of the *iwrch* ‡ on the plain,
Be the tears of your woe as the drops of the rain.

5.

His arm was the bearer of death to his foes,
Let the sons of the Saxons, he gave to repose,
Amid their rejoicings be stricken with dread,
For the blood that shall flow for the shade of the dead.

6.

On high let his banner be placed in the hall,
As high be the shield that shall gleam on the wall:
And oh! let the sword, ever firm in his hand,
Be given to him who shall now rule his band.

7.

Mourn, mourn, maids of Cambria, your tresses bedew
With tears,—for the fallen was gen'rous and true;

* Cynddylan ab Cyndrwyn lived in the sixth century, and was prince of a part of Powys. He appears to have been slain in the defence of a town, within his territory, called Tren. Llywarch Hen, a cotemporary bard, has left us a long elegy on his death; and there is also one by Meigant, who lived in the following century. Both are preserved in the *Archæology*.—ED.

† Harp.

‡ Roebuck.

His heart was the ring-dove's, when warmed by your charms,
But the vulture's, when rushing to battle's alarms.

8.

Thou land of the lovely, the noble, the brave,
Whose soil hail'd his birth, and now gives him a grave,
Lament! for the arm of thy strength is laid low,
Thy spear now is broken, unstrung is thy bow.

9.

Then mourn for Cynddylan, ye Cambrians, mourn,
The halls of his mansion are dark and forlorn;
The death shaft has withered the might of the strong,
The soul of our battles, the theme of our song.

S. R. J.

Monthly Register.

CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN DYVED.

ON the 10th of last month a Meeting of the Committee of this Society took place at Carmarthen, on which occasion the chair was filled by that patriotic prelate, the Bishop of St. David's. Among the Resolutions, adopted by the Meeting, the following deserve to be here recorded:—

1. That the communication, transmitted by the Secretaries of the Cymmrodorion in Powys, accompanied with the Resolutions of a meeting lately held at Welshpool, be thankfully acknowledged, and that the hearty congratulations of this Society be communicated to the Cymmrodorion in Powys for the zeal manifested by them in the measures adopted for the preservation of ancient British literature*.

2. That the Queries, relative to the remains of ancient British literature, proposed at the Primary Meeting of this Society †, be forthwith issued by the Secretary in a circular ad-

* We are totally ignorant of the nature of the communication thus made by the Cymmrodorion in Powys. or it should have appeared in our pages. We take this opportunity of stating, that we shall always be happy to give insertion to such proceedings of the Societies in Wales, as possess any public interest, and shall even feel obliged to the Secretaries for the communication. Information of this nature, it is scarcely necessary to add, falls peculiarly within the province of the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.

† See the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 73.—ED.